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VOL. VIII

Registered U. S. Patent Office  
JUNE, 1927

No. 5



## Permanent Identity

Most rope loses its identity when it becomes worn and it is impossible to discover its brand name. No matter how badly worn a Columbian line is, you can always tell that it is Columbian. Merely unravel one of the strands and there you will find the famous red, white and blue *Tape-Marker* containing the tell-tale words:-

## Guaranteed Rope

followed by the manufacturer's signature. This tape is designed, so that the printing will be legible as long as the rope is usable. Imagine the confidence the manufacturer must have to place a signed guarantee in the rope. He fully realizes that this *Marker* will establish the identity of the rope as long as it lasts, but Columbian *Tape-Marked* Pure Manila Rope has successfully withstood every test including the many practical tests of extra long service aboard fishing schooners.

Ask for Columbian, the Guaranteed Rope, and insist on seeing the *Tape-Marker*. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.



## Columbian Rope Company

362-90 Genesee Street

Auburn, "The Cordage City" N. Y.

Branches:

New York Chicago Boston New Orleans

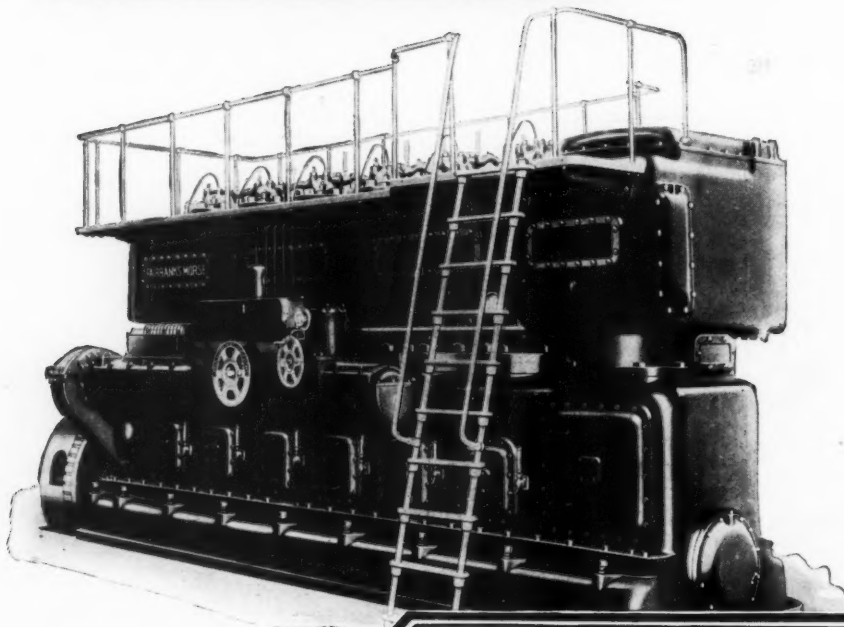


Boston Office and Warehouse - 38 Commercial Wharf



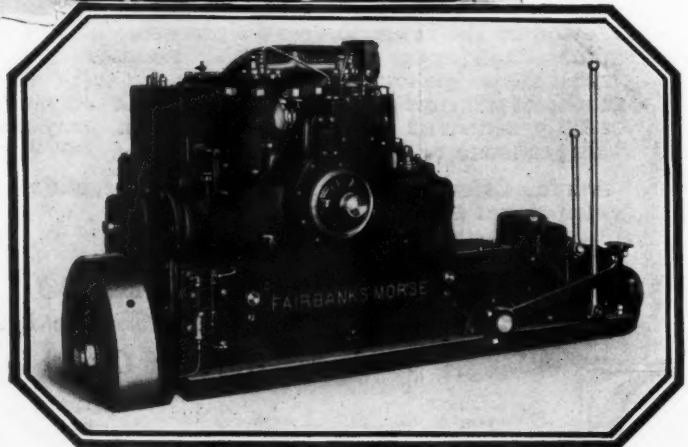
*Where quality is  
paramount—*

Here in the world's largest Diesel plant were produced more than half of the Diesel engines built in the United States during 1925. Enormous demand has made possible finer facilities for doing everything better. The savings of volume production are passed on to you in added quality.



*700-hp. difference in size  
—but one F-M quality*

Soaring demand has called for constant expanding of the F-M line so that you can now buy F-M Diesels as small as 20 hp. (illustrated opposite) or as large as 720 hp. (illustrated above). F-M Diesels in ratings of 20 and 40 hp. with built-in transmission are the greatest recent achievement for the workboat field. Ask for complete details.



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And when these men need a Diesel for another vessel they almost invariably buy another Fairbanks-Morse. That means still more.

Talk to these men who have *lived* with F-M Diesels. Ask them about the things that count—the cost of repairs, the ability to maneuver, the ability to idle down smoothly and pick up quickly. Remember that the things they prize in older F-M Engines have been brought to a still higher state of perfection in the new engine. That's the practical test of Diesel worth—and it's the test that leads you directly to Fairbanks-Morse!

This tested Diesel is now built in sizes for every workboat requirement from 20 to 720 hp. State your requirements on the coupon below and we will send a bulletin describing engines exactly suited to your needs.

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The Product



of Experience

FAIRBANKS  
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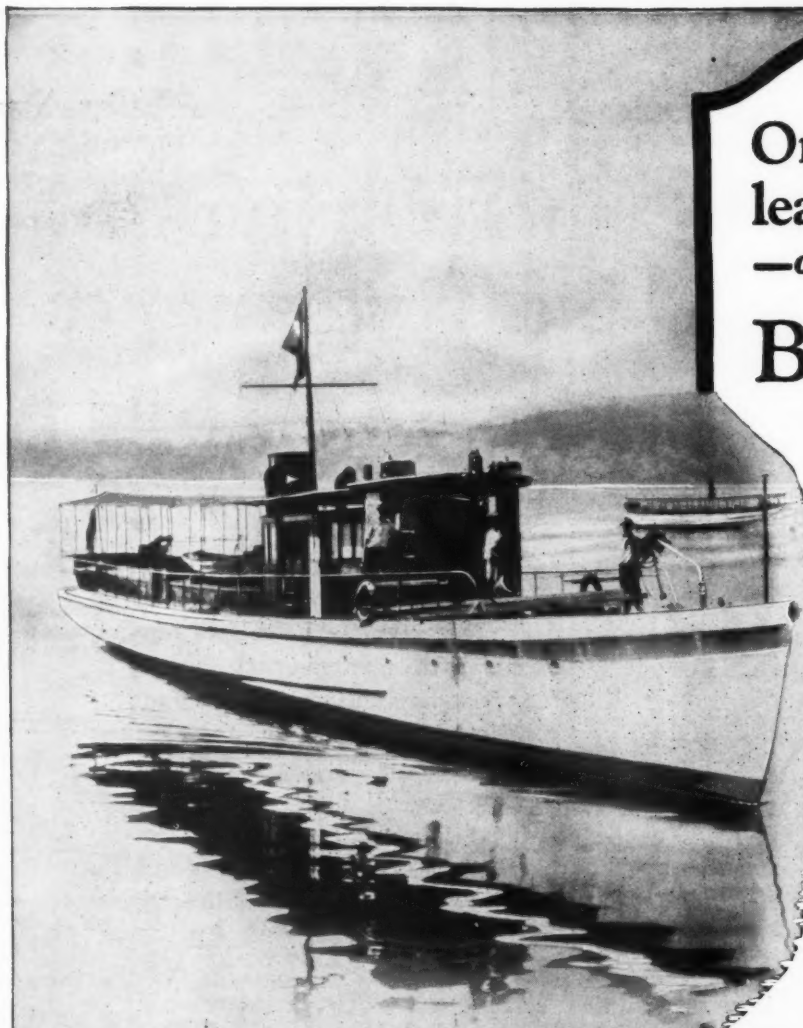
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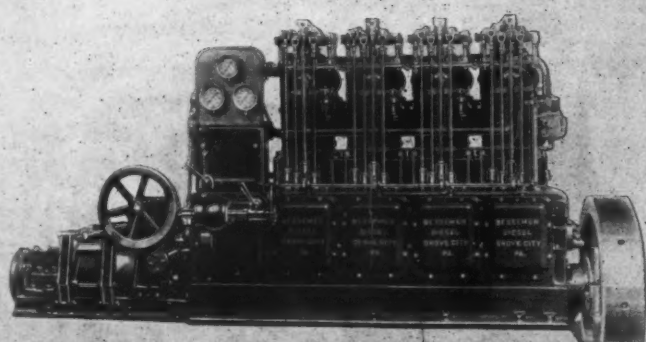


**One Bessemer  
leads to another**  
*—on performance alone*

**B**ESSEMER DIESEL Engines have consistently performed so remarkably on heavy duty, work boat service, that one Bessemer invariably leads to another, when additional power is needed. A 4-cyl. 80 H. P. Bessemer Diesel was installed in the United Fruit Co's freighter "Commanche," and as a result of its performance on this ship, two additional Bessemers were installed in the United Fruit Co.'s freighter "Siwash."

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Dependable, economical, trouble-free performance under all conditions of marine service has made Bessemer Diesels outstanding among marine power plants.



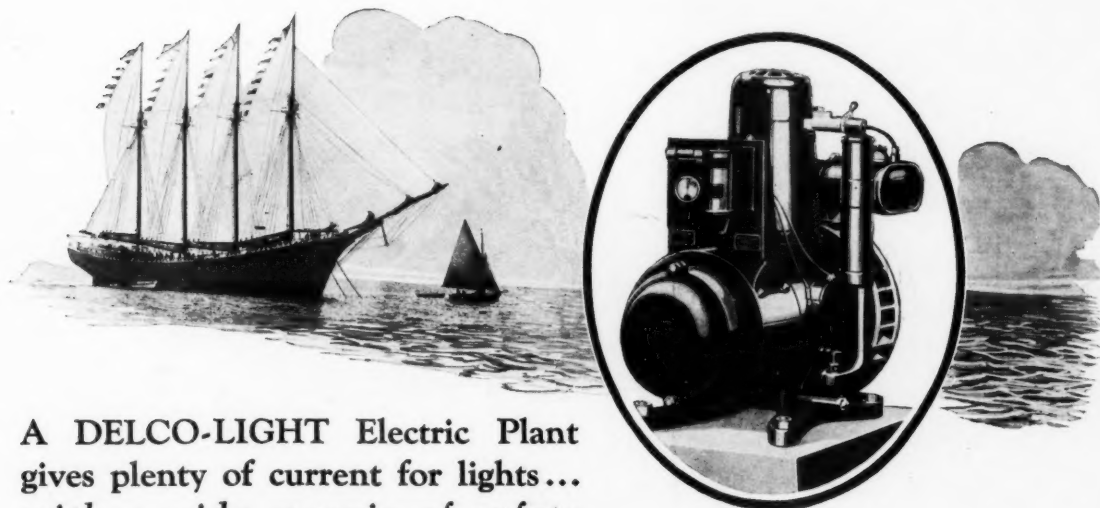
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DIESEL  **ENGINES**

THE BESSEMER GAS ENGINE CO.  
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# ELECTRICITY

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A DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plant gives plenty of current for lights... *with a wide margin of safety for emergency*

**E**LECTRICITY is more than a convenience on the modern fishing vessel. From the standpoint of safety and profit it has become a positive necessity.

Delco-Light electric plants have proved their dependability by the endorsement of over 275,000 users. They are designed and built by the pioneers and leaders in the industry—designed for utmost efficiency and built

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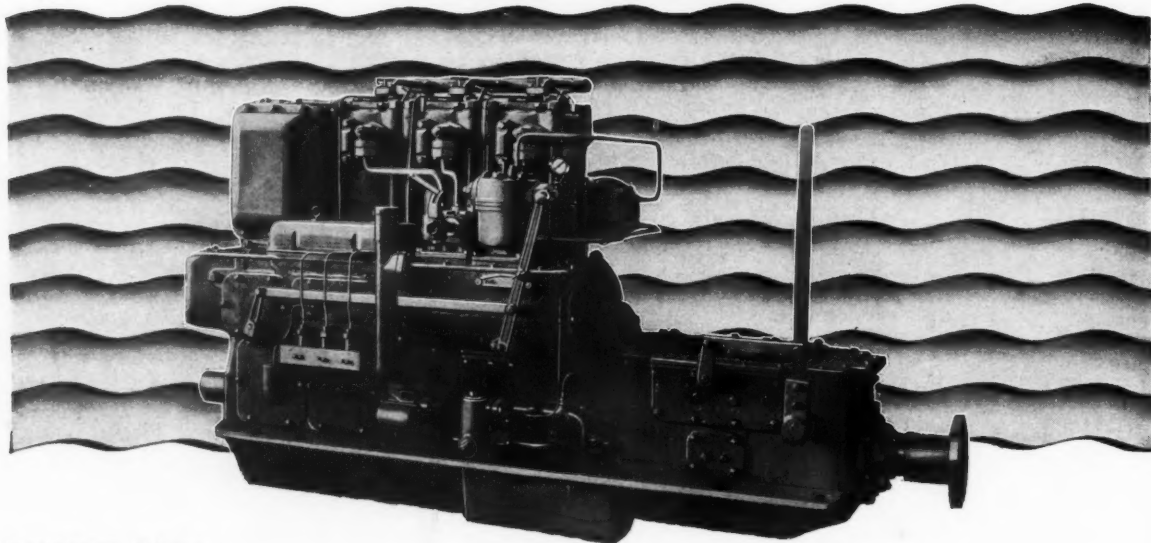
The range of Delco-Light models includes battery plants, semi-automatic and full-automatic plants. All are made and guaranteed by the Delco-Light Company, a subsidiary of the General Motors Corporation.

Write for complete information about Delco-Light and the names of some of the fishing vessels which are Delco-Light equipped.

*Dependable*  
**DELCO-LIGHT**  
**ELECTRIC PLANTS**

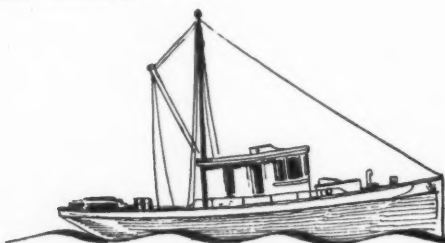
DELCO-LIGHT CO., *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. M-57, DAYTON, OHIO

# WORTHINGTON



Worthington Three Cylinder Marine Diesel Engine. Two-cycle, solid injection trunk-piston type, gear reversing.

## A TRUNK-PISTON TYPE DIESEL WITH FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION



### WORTHINGTON PRODUCTS

**PUMPS**  
**COMPRESSORS**  
**CONDENSERS**  
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**FEEDWATER HEATERS**  
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**BOILER-FEED, WATER, OIL**

*Literature upon request*

The Worthington Two-cycle Solid Injection Trunk-piston Diesel Engine is an improved and simplified high compression engine in which the fuel burns solely from the heat of compression.

The scavenging air is supplied to the power cylinders by a separate scavenging pump driven from the crank shaft; thus, the scavenging air does not pass through the crankcase and the excessive waste of lubricating oil of crankcase compression engines is avoided.

The force-feed system of lubrication is used for all bearings. Cylinders and pistons are efficiently lubricated from the oil spray thrown off by the running gear of the engine.

The Worthington Trunk-piston type Diesel is designed for marine propulsion service. The reversing gear is of compact and rugged design, amply lubricated. It is built into the engine frame and included as part of standard equipment.

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NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS  
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161 CORNEY, No.

Boston & Gloucester Steamboat Building  
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

May 23, 1927

New Bedford Cordage Co.,  
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We have had several compliments on the New Bedford Cordage in the past and we thought it would be no more than right for you to know it.

We have used it on every vessel that has been fitted out by us, and it has proved very satisfactory; in fact we have yet to receive our first complaint.

Your new product, the "Nebco" braided manila has proven more than satisfactory, especially among the lobster fishermen, who swear by it.

We are enclosing a letter received from Capt. Charles W. Perry, who is the largest user of buoys in Gloucester, which speaks for itself. Capt. Perry brought us in a piece of this braided manila that he had kept in the water for eight months without removing, and it is good for a long time yet.

We are also enclosing our order #251 for another supply of the braided manila.

We have several other letters from users of the New Bedford manila that we would be glad to forward to you if you would like to have them.

Very truly yours,

United Sail Loft

M. J. Conyver

cc

Capt. Charles W. Perry  
to  
The New Bedford Cordage Co.  
New Bedford, Mass.

Gloucester, Mass.  
May 21, 1927

Dear Sirs:—

I have been an extensive user of the (Nebco brand) New Bedford braided cordage, and in the past eight months have put it to the severest tests. I have also submitted a sample to your Gloucester agents that has been in continual use for the last eight months, and I can only say it is a wonderful rigging in strength and also stand the test of being continually in water.

Yours respectfully

Dear 121 Duncan St.  
Gloucester, Mass.

Capt. Chas. W. Perry

Will Not Kink



Cannot Unstrand

## NEW BEDFORD CORDAGE CO.

General offices  
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Established 1842

MILLS—New Bedford, Mass.

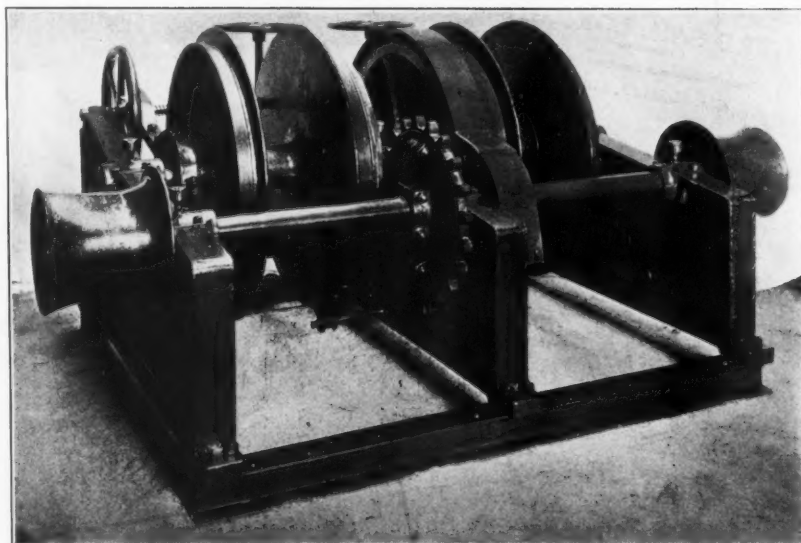
Boston office  
164 FEDERAL ST.



# HATHAWAY

## Trawl-Hauling Machinery

*The only complete line*



Cut shows No. 237 size. Chain driven through back gears; frame 70" by 61"; capacity 300 fathoms  $\frac{5}{8}$ " cable on each drum; alloy steel shafts, heat treated, running in babbitted bearings cast integral and part of the *three* frames, giving no chance for misalignment or breaking; steel gears and steel drums.

No. 137 is a smaller size direct chain driven hoist with capacity of 150 fathoms  $\frac{5}{8}$ " cable each drum.

No. 3 is larger size all steel hoist similar to No. 237 but with capacity of 300 fathoms  $\frac{3}{4}$ " cable on each drum.

All hoists made with three frames mounted on rigid base. Bearings are cast in, like the bearings of an engine crankshaft instead of being bolted on.

*Manufacturers and distributors of everything from the engine and propeller right through to the trawl doors.*

## HATHAWAY MACHINERY CO.

New Bedford, Mass.



Another reason why over  
60,000 Dealers carry  
Hood Rubber Products,



## Up and down the coast

### Hood Boots are setting new records for durability and long wear

Here's a boot that after months of the hardest usage will be as water tight as a new dory. HOOD understands the rough, tough wear you fishermen give a boot. That's why we say HOOD Red Boots are better fitted to your particular needs and to your pocket-books.

Look at the soles—made just like a HOOD Tire of extra thick grey rubber.

And the uppers—red, durable rubber cured by our patented process, which absolutely prevents

cracking and checking. And both sole and upper reinforced where wear is the hardest.

Don't be satisfied to buy just any boot. Look for the name HOOD moulded on the sole. It takes but a second and that one act insures footwear economy for you. At your dealer's.

Manufactured by Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.

Distributed by Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc.  
Through Branches in all Principal Cities

Look for the Hood Arrow

# HOOD

RUBBER  
FOOTWEAR



CANVAS SHOES



SOLID TIRES



RUBBER  
HEELS & SOLES



PNEUMATIC  
TIRES

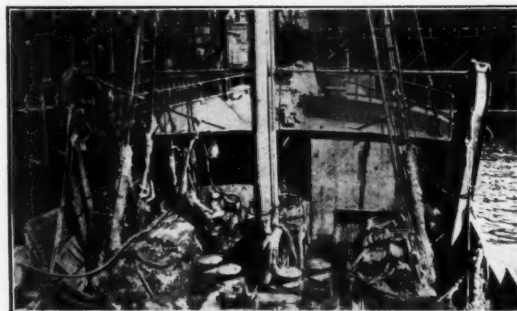
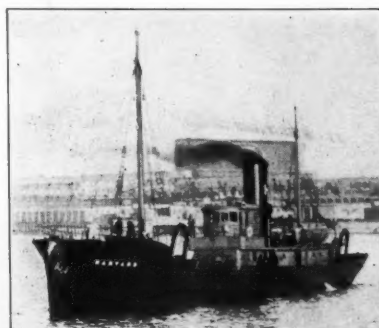


• QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED •



## Further

## Evidence of Value!



THE Str. *Harvard* now carries "New England" alloy steel sheaves throughout in galls and bollards. Developed nearly two years ago to meet the demand for a tough long-wearing roller for trawling service, the first of these to go into use have yet to show appreciable signs of wear. Made of special analysis steel and carefully heat-treated, they cost approximately one-third more than common steel, but they possess far greater wearing quality. They are not merely case hardened. Their toughness is not skin deep, but goes all the way to the core.

In selecting them for the *Harvard*, Whitman, Ward & Lee and Capt. Hayes confirm the judgment of the many vessel owners and captains who are using New England gear.

The *Harvard* carries 14" sheaves. We have smaller sheaves on hand in 10" and 12" sizes, fitted with high grade "Lubrite" bushings.

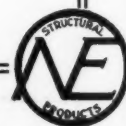
*For information regarding parts or complete outfits for trawling, address the Company or the John Chisholm Fisheries Co., Gloucester, Mass.*

## New England Structural Products Co.

Tel. Everett 1850

EVERETT and GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Tel. Gloucester 59







*The famous*  
**GOLD MEDAL**

*Mackerel Nets and Seines  
have proved their superiority*

Write for prices and estimates on all your requirements

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Oil Clothing and Manila Rope  
on hand for immediate delivery*  
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*for All the Fisheries*

Gold Medal Cotton Netting	Gold Medal Seine Twine
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**Lane Fish and Bait Basket**

Grommets in bottom for drainage. Galvanized steel frame of the Lane Flexible design which prevents bending or breaking. Heavy Lane woven duck. Tough leather binding.

Bait size 1 Bushel.  
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*and*  
**TRAWL TUBS**

**Are worthy of your  
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FIG. 71

**Lane Canvas Trawl Tub**

Made in standard dimensions.

Galvanized Steel Frame specially designed for the job. Steady on its feet and strong. Its first cost soon forgotten in the light of its long life.

**W. T. LANE & BROS.**  
*Manufacturers*

Poughkeepsie

New York

# Battery ignition betters your boat



BETTER for starting! More certain when the engine is running at low speeds or under strain! Surer! Safer! And more dependable! . . . That's battery ignition!

A battery-equipped engine has perfect ignition all the time. With Eveready Columbia Hot Shots you have an ignition system that will fire the coldest mixture, and that never misses a stroke. They are sold in three sizes, 6, 7½ and 9 volts, to fit any need.

Shut off your engine as long as you want—it will start again the first time you spin it! Let it idle along at slow speeds—it won't stall! Forget the rain, and the spray, and weather—your Eveready Columbia Hot Shots will always be dry and snug in their steel water-proof cases.

There is pep, power and longer life in Eveready Columbia Hot Shots. And you can get them in any port.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.  
New York San Francisco

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## EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

—they last longer

## PROGRESSIVENESS

The name WHITLOCK on cordage has always stood for Honesty in Manufacture, Reliability in Service—and for Progressiveness.

Known the world over for quality products, the Whitlock organization has developed the two outstanding improvements in modern rope-making, both patented—

*FIBORE (fibre-core), the strongest type of large rope construction*

and

*WATERFLEX, the most scientific method of lubrication*

Unquestionably, the name WHITLOCK on cordage guarantees

The Utmost in Rope Value

### WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York  
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## To Tighten Garboards



Dip cotton wicking in Jeffery's No. 7 or Liquid Marine Glue and drive well into the seam as shown in the sketch above. Keep wicking which has been dipped in the glue, in soft condition while forcing into the seam. A little heat will accomplish this. This keeps it in just the right state so that it cements itself tightly to both sides.

DO IT RIGHT and it will not have to be done again because the glue will not let go, and being elastic, it will give and take with the seam.

Copyright 1927 by L. W. Ferdinand & Co.,  
156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass.

The purpose of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is to be a factor in the industrial growth of the commercial fisheries. To this end, the magazine is dedicated to the prime factors, in effect the creators, of the industry—fish producers, men who either fish themselves or who are instrumental in production through immediate interest in floating property.

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN serves its readers by discussing fishery topics; by presenting new methods, gear and designs by being sufficiently interesting to afford relaxation from the strain undergone by those who follow the sea.

While we realize that successful re-handling and re-selling are vital to producers, experience shows that the division between distribution and production is so distinct in the fishing industry that it is impossible to serve both faithfully. Therefore, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is published exclusively for producers—captains, owners and crews of fishing craft.

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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Vol. VIII JUNE 1927 No. 5

Published Monthly at

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FRANK H. WOOD ..... Manager

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## Does the Tuna Cross the Atlantic?

Are the American and European species the same?

Wanted—hooks found in tunas caught in American waters.

By Dr. Massimo Sella, Institute of Marine Biology, Rovigno d'Istria, Italy.

THE tuna (*Thunnus thynnus*) like its relatives the mackerels is a wanderer of the sea. One writer has said that its distribution is not geographic, but oceanographic. That is to say, its range is determined by a certain physical and chemical attributes of its waters, which vary within limits from region to region. Thus the presence of this species in given localities bears some relation to oceanographic factors; and (what is of more practical importance) the ability to predict its appearance and movements depends on our knowledge of these factors. For example, M. Le Danois of Office Scientifique et Technique des Pêches Maritimes of Paris has been able to prove that the white tuna or "germon" (*Thunnus alalunga*) is led from its more southerly habitat toward Spain and France where it is caught, by the movements of superficial sheets of water of higher temperature and salinity belonging to Atlantic equatorial masses, and he has ventured on occasion to make predictions based on this assumption with some success.

The study of these facts when extended over vast zones is full of difficulties and we can claim to have made only a small beginning. In most cases we do not even know whether fish which bear the same names in widely separated waters are in reality of the same identical species, or whether they may not possibly differ from one another in those imperceptible characters which are the inevitable expression of adaptation to diverse conditions, and of a kind of independence acquired by groups of fishes.

There has been some discussion, for example, as to whether the decrease in the mackerel catch (*Scomber scomber*) in North American waters as compared with that of bygone decades may not be due to a dislocation of the banks of this species in the direction of Europe, and vice versa. Lately certain differences between the eggs and larvae of the

American and European mackerel, brought to light by naturalists in the two countries have led to the abandonment of this hypothesis (at least provisionally) in favor of that of racial divergence.

But is the American tuna different from the European, and do American tunas invade European waters and European tuna reach the American seaboard? To these questions, which furnish the title to this article we have as yet no answer. When we do know, an important premise to the oceanographic study of the tuna will have been laid down.

What means have we at our disposal for finding out about this? First of all we can compare with greater care the morphologic characters of the tunas of the two regions; but even if we fail to establish any certain or constant differences between the two, we are not authorized to affirm their racial identity. We can resort to the placing of appropriate marks on live fish, a method widely used in studying the migrations of fish, birds, and other animals. Results obtained by this method have the advantage of being clear and unequivocal. But the marking of tuna has not been found practicable owing to the size of the fish, and the expense involved. However, another way of reaching the same result has been proposed in Italy, namely by searching for the hooks occasionally found in the mouths and stomachs of tunas



which they have brought away, perhaps, from very distant fishing grounds, and trying to find out where these hooks came from, a thing which can not infrequently be done. It is not such a rare event to find a hook in a tuna, though it may not happen every day, and every one so found is a precious bit of evidence—a kind of ticket which comes attached to this submarine voyager.

By this means, preliminary results have already begun



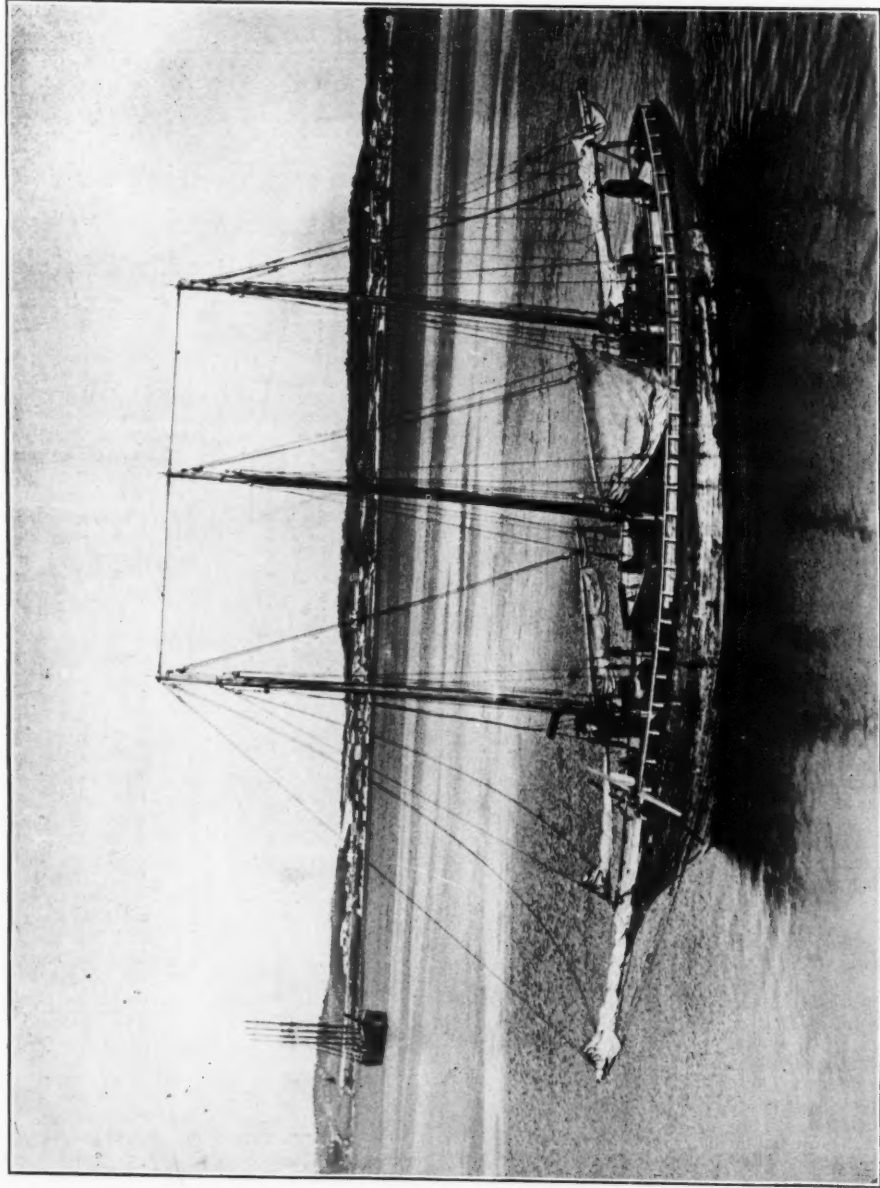
## Sch. Souvenir



The smallest three masted schooner seen along the eastern coast. She is only 67' in length, and is a real two-man craft. Originally she was a two-sticker but her owners, Capt's. L. H. and Oscar Outhouse of Beaver Harbor, N. B., found it easier to work smaller sails so added the third mast and cut down the canvas.

The SOUVENIR makes twelve miles with both engines. She freights fish and trades in frontier waters.

Photo by Fred G. Mülken.



to be obtained in Europe. In tunas captured in the central part of the Mediterranean hooks have been found coming from both eastern and western extremities of this sea and from the Atlantic coast of Spain and France, so that we can now state that there is no racial difference between the tuna of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic seaboard of Europe. This entire zone is ranged by one and the same tuna.

or may in future come into possession of hooks or other objects found in the bodies of tunas are urgently requested to send these to the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington for examination, together with all the available information connected with the discovery.

Tuna and the like fish are assuming an ever-increasing importance in world economy. Till recently almost unknown outside of its classic habitat in the Mediterranean

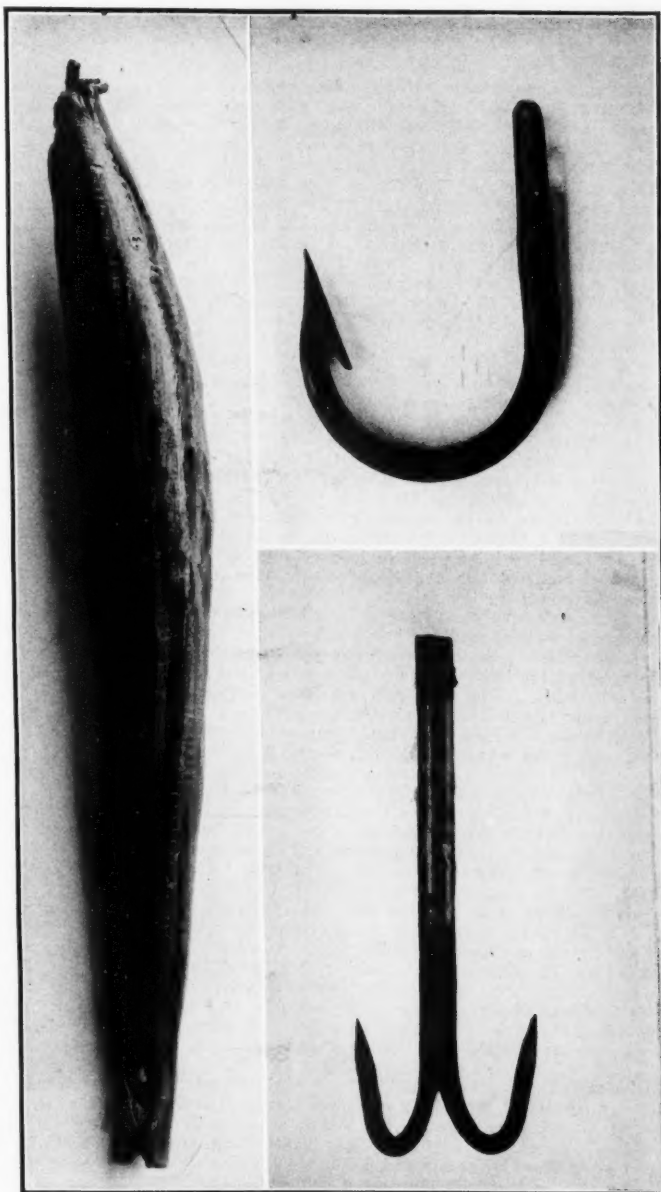
## Fishing Gear Extracted from Tunas

LEFT: Lead and piece of hook found in Tunis, which proved to have come from Constantinople.

UPPER RIGHT: Hook found in the stomach of a tuna taken in Sardinia which came from Tarifa in Southern Spain.

LOWER RIGHT: Hook found in Tunis by Dr. Heldt brought by tuna coming from the Atlantic French fishing grounds.

PAGE 13: Hook found in Sicily brought by fish from the Gulf of Guascogna.



Now we want to go a little further and discover in a similar way whether this same tuna reaches American waters. The Royal Italian Thalassographic Committee has therefore approached the Bureau of Fisheries, at Washington, on the matter, and the bureau has offered to cooperate by collecting hooks found in tunas caught along the Atlantic coast of North America.

All tuna-fishers and others employed in the industry of catching, transporting, or conditioning tuna-fish (*Thunnus thynnus*), as well as fish merchants, buyers, etc., who now have

and nearby waters, where it has been fished from the most remote times, the tuna has of late been exploited on a large scale in many other regions, such as California, Japan, the coast of Africa, and neighboring islands. Who can say that the Atlantic waters of America hold no surprises for us? It is not at all improbable that the races of these great teleosteans, wanderers of oceanic space, are far more numerous and wide-spread than we have any idea, and that the exploitation of such an enormous alimentary reserve may develop into one of the greatest fishing enterprises of the future.



**PEGGY'S COVE:**—Lobster fishermen in the vicinity of Peggy's Cove were reported the latter part of April as getting exceptional prices for their fish. The following prices were received by the fishermen: large, 35 cents; medium, 20 cents, and for small ones, 7 cents.

**SHAG HARBOR:**—Fishermen in general were greatly grieved to learn of the death of Ray Banks, age 28, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Banks who lost his life through a drowning accident. The deceased was in his skiff hauling lobster traps at the time of the accident. A short time after he was last seen, some men on Emerald Island saw his skiff drifting shoreward, on investigating they found it partly filled with water. The oars and his catches of lobsters were in the boat which was partly filled with water.

**FREEPORT:**—During the latter part of April, Jamison Brothers Smack *Edward J.* arrived from Portsmouth, N. H. and loaded 13,000 pounds of live lobsters. The vessel left for Tiverton to complete her cargo.

**DIGBY:**—A record catch of fish was reported at Digby on May 11. Ralph Nesbitt of Trout Cove, Digby Neck hauled in one set, 5,500 pounds of cod fish. Cod fish were reported selling at one and one-half cents a pound locally which would net the fisherman \$77.50 for his day's work. Trawling for halibut a fisherman by the name of Holmes, near the same grounds caught a halibut which tipped the scales at 200 lbs. which was hauled to Digby and sold to a local dealer. Price of fish were reported low and large catches were necessary to offset the prevailing low prices.

**LOCKEPORT:**—During the latter of April it was confirmed that Ralph P. Bell of Halifax had purchased the Lockeport Cold Storage plant. An aggressive policy of operation in an effort to extend the business of the plant will be put in force by the new owner. The plant serves a large district and is of great value to the fishing industry along the south shore. L. C. Robertson of Shelburne and Blanchard Swansburg, Halifax, have been appointed Manager and Shipping Manager.

**EAST DOVER:**—Reports from East Dover indicated that the Lobster Season which closed for Halifax County on May 14 had been unprofitable for the fishermen in that section. The catch was the lowest for many seasons and those operating motor boats barely paid expenses. The men were then turning their attention to prepare for the mackerel fishing, which were taken 200 miles nearer the shore this year than the same time last year. The first run of mackerel were expected off the coast about May 18.

**BARRINGTON PASSAGE:**—While making her way through Barrington Passage during the latter part of April at Flood tide, the Lockeport fishing schooner *Archie McKenzie*, Captain Ralph McKenzie struck near Half Tide Ledge and before getting clear the swift tide had twisted her keel causing her to leak.

**YARMOUTH:**—Having been adrift from their vessel four days, two fishermen of the fishing schooner *Acushla* from Boston rowed into Yarmouth about the middle of May having been cut off from their boat by fog while making a set. The men were Ronald Vasseur and Edmund Moulaisong. After finding they were adrift they set a course for the Nova Scotian coast and were later picked up by a motor boat who supplied them with provisions and towed them within three miles of Yarmouth light. The men estimated they had sailed 68 miles under their own sail.

**PORT MAITLAND:**—Fishermen at Port Maitland experienced a trying afternoon the latter part of April when they encountered rough weather in returning from tending their lobster traps. A boat owned by Fletcher Elliott was damaged when striking the wharf while C. B. Crowell in his boat, narrowly escaped capsizing when caught by a huge sea. Mr. Crowell's gear and lobsters were lost and his assistant was washed over board and was rescued by those on the wharf throwing a line to him. Elliott's hoisting engine suffered damage, being torn from its fastenings.

**HALIFAX:**—The steamer *Petrel* at one time a unit of the fishery protection fleet and also engaged before the dry days of prohibition in smuggling prevention, to become a rum runner later on, was sold at Halifax by order of the customs the early part of May. The vessel was reported to be purchased by Captain Cruickshank of Sydney for the sum of one thousand and fifty dollars.

A number of the French trawlers were reported in port during May for supplies and bunkers. Among those in port were: *Edouard Watteau*, *Elizabeth Marie*, *Cap Fagnet*, *Bois-Rose*, *Nord-Cap*, and *Alfred*.

Angus Walters of Queensport, Guysboro County, in a letter to the Halifax Herald, related that George Rideout and Stevens Cox of the schooner *Bluenose* picked up a bottle while they were fishing in latitude 43.18 and longitude 61.20. Contained in the bottle was a Belgian post card with the following inscription: "Thrown overboard from the S. S. *Penland* on March 27, 1927, close to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by Fred Byng, passenger."

**LUNenburg:**—The Lunenburg fishing schooner *Dorothy Adams* was reported sold the latter part of April by Adams and Knickle to Captain Ambrose Payne of Fogo, Nfld.

The total quantity of all fish landed from the frozen baiting trip this year is estimated at 31,200 quintals, which is 17,580 quintals short of the same catch last year. Fifty eight vessels, a little over half the fleet went on the first trip making the average catch per vessel 538 quintals. In 1926 seventy-two vessels landed a catch of 48,780 quintals with an average per vessel of 677 quintals. The trip this year was not a profitable one as the fishermen were handicapped by bad weather and had to stay longer on the banks and the catch on the whole was smaller. The fish exporters will have a limited amount of codfish to dispose of from the frozen baiting trip as the boats brought back a much larger percentage of haddock than previous years. Vessels and their fares, were:

	Qtls.
<i>Autangua</i> , Parks	700
<i>Andrava</i> , Knickle	500
<i>Alsatian</i> , Corkum	500
<i>Bluenose</i> , Walters	800
<i>Beatrice Beck</i> , Beck	425
<i>Grace P. Brown</i> , Tanner	650
<i>Marjorie Backman</i> , Gosling	600
<i>Frank Baxter</i> , Lohnes	400
<i>Grace D. Bochner</i> , Tanner	200
<i>J. E. Conrad</i> , Corkum	500
<i>Nina Conrad</i> , Conrad	400
<i>Nina W. Corkum</i> , Corkum	500
<i>Irene Corkum</i> , Deal	300
<i>Maxwell Corkum</i> , Corkum	600
<i>Uda R. Corkum</i> , Andrews	500
<i>Lucy Corkum</i> , Corkum	550
<i>Clara Creaser</i> , Creaser	600
<i>Democracy</i> , Zinek	500
<i>Daisy Marguerite</i> , Smith	400
<i>Deleucana II</i> , Cook	150
<i>Glacier</i> , Zinek	400
<i>General Haig</i> , Backman	600
<i>Annie B. Gerhardt</i> , Gerhardt	600
<i>Mark H. Gray</i> , Lohnes	650
<i>Hamona</i> , Oxner	650
<i>Haligonian</i> , Crouse	600
<i>Hermada</i> , Walters	500
<i>Mary H. Hirtle</i> , Cleveland	600
<i>Marjorie Hennigar</i> , Clarke	500
<i>Robert J. Knickle</i> , Knickle	500
<i>Pauline Lohnes</i> , Lohnes	500
<i>Managua</i> , Wamback	500
<i>Mahaska</i> , Cook	500
<i>Mahala</i> , Knickle	675
<i>Mona Marie</i> , Ritecy	600
<i>Marshal Frank</i> , Risser	650
<i>Agnes J. Myra</i> , Myra	550
<i>Marian Elizabeth</i> , Westhaver	250
<i>Gladys Mosher</i> , Mosher	600
<i>Clarence J. Morrow</i> , Cook	1000
<i>Neva Belle</i>	500
<i>Palitana</i> , Meisner	600
<i>Partanna</i> , Tanner	700
<i>Progressive II</i> , Knock	550
<i>Pan American</i> , Wagner	450
<i>R. M. Symons</i> , Hyson	500



Marie L. Spindler, Spindler .....	750
Frances Spindler, Spindler .....	500
Margaret Smith, Whynacht .....	500
Jean Smith, Selig .....	500
J. H. Sinclair, Crouse .....	550
Lois J. Thomas, Himmelman .....	700
Pauline Winters, Winters .....	600
Gilbert Walters, Walters .....	700
Bertha L. Walters, Conrad .....	500
Marion Belle Wolfe, White .....	700
Elizabeth Warde, Corkum .....	200
Bernice Zinck, Lohnes .....	500



## Captain George H. Peeples

CAPTAIN George H. Peeples, for years one of the leaglers in all matters pertaining to fish production, died suddenly in the cabin of his vessel, the *Albert D. Willard*, while at Fulton Market with a trip of mackerel May 16.

A native of Port Mulgrave, N. S., he was sixty-four years old, and had lived a life as full of usefulness and service to the fisheries as any man possibly could. He came to Gloucester as a young man, and early gained recognition. For nearly fifty years he went as master in every fishery. Until



CAPTAIN GEORGE H. PEEPLES.

three years ago he had the *Lafayette* and was always up with the highline netters and swordfishermen.

Captain Peeples was president of the Master Mariners' Association for ten years. While in office he devoted a great deal of time and energy to his industry from a producer's standpoint. Always a studious and exceptionally well-read man, he was able to converse with more than ordinary weight on all fishery matters. Many times he was called to Washington, as his opinions were considered authoritative in Congressional circles.

Captain Peeples rightly earned the friendship, respect and admiration of his fellows as few have been able to.

## The Skipper Catches an Auto Thief

Joseph C. Allen

WHEN man first hung the rudder  
On his ancient galley's stern  
He rigged it with a tiller  
For to help him tack and turn.

This steerin'-gear waant handled  
Like the common, modern sort,  
Fer you swung the helm to starboard  
When you tacked yore craft to port.

And so when wheels wuz thought of,  
Why they always turned "down-hill"  
The same as with the tiller,  
And you'll find some on 'em still.

This here explains the reason  
Why old Cappen Jerry Green  
Reversed the steerin'-riggin'  
On his gasoline-machine.

And with this "left-hand" hellum  
He got by without a slip  
'Cause that car of hissen handled  
Jest exactly like his ship.

Waal one evenin' when his lodge met  
Cap, he berthed the car outside  
Where a clever land-shark saw her  
And decided he would ride.

He jumped in and started, flyin',  
But Great Gosh, she wouldn't steer,  
Fer he couldn't stop her jibin',  
And the folks all thought it queer.

So they called the cops; they got him,  
And when he caught his breth,  
"Lord! sezze: I'm glad you ketched me,  
Fer I was plumb scared to death!"

"I have handled cars a' plenty  
But I never see before  
Any car that wouldn't take me  
To the place I headed for."

"This here one has had some trainin',  
Every time I tried to tack  
'Way from home, that cussed critter  
Jest swung round and headed back!"

"And you cops kin have my promise  
That I'll stick to bikes and trains  
If the folks that turn out autos  
Air a' buildin' 'em with brains!"

## Knows the Ropes

Lady—"Could I see the captain?"  
First Mate—"He's forward, Miss."  
Lady Passenger—"I'm not afraid. I've been out  
with college boys."—*Columbian Crew.*



By M. E. McNulty

**A**FTER her annual overhauling on the marine railway at Lunenburg, the Schooner *Annie E. Conrad*, Capt. Fred Richard, has joined the handliners.

Under the direction of A. Harrington, the scallop and clam canning plant at Annapolis Royal is now operating at capacity. During the early spring, the plant was shut down for about a month, during which some repairs were made to the building and equipment.

The sudden death of Capt. P. L. Wooten was a distinct shock to members of the lobster fishing industry with whom he had come in contact in his 30 years of connection with lobster fishing and buying. Capt. Wooten had made his appearance in the Bay of Fundy and along the south shore of Nova Scotia every lobster fishing season for three decades, without an interruption. His smack was familiar to practically every lobster fisherman in the areas named. For many years, Capt. Wooten wintered at Rockland, and, during the lobster fishing season, operated the smack between the Bay of Fundy and Rockland, making frequent round voyages in the course of a season. Death was caused by carbon monoxide poisoning while he was on the smack tied up at a Rockland wharf. The body was found in the cabin. Capt. Wooten had been in the employ of the Parnell Lobster Company.

The exodus from some of the fishing ports of the Bay of Fundy and south shore to New England this summer has been of marked proportions. Most of the migrants have gone to Gloucester, or along the south shore of Massachusetts, to engage in the fisheries out of these ports or along the coasts. Most of these plan on returning in the fall to the eastern Canadian fisheries.

The Canadian department of marine and fisheries has under consideration the installation of a bell buoy on Abbott's Island. The fishermen using Abbott's Harbor have been clamoring for this buoy, which would reduce the hazard in entering the harbor, particularly in fog, storm or darkness. This year, the harbor is being utilized more than ever by the lobster fishermen. It is also being visited by numerous vessels operated by the buyers that are patrolling the coast. A number of mishaps have been reported because of the lack of a bell buoy. Edgar LeBlanc, one of the men interested in the lobster fisheries particularly, has manifested a keen interest in the campaign for a buoy. He has had a number of conferences with fellow fishermen, on this subject, prepared a petition asking the federal government to place the buoy in position on the island and bring relief to the fishermen and their families as well as the buyers and their crews. The petition was signed by practically every person using the harbor, and has been promised favorable consideration by the department of marine and fisheries officials. If the buoy is not placed, it is merely a question of time when a fatality will result at Abbott's Harbor entrance.

The towboat, *Mary Arnold*, owned and operated by the Seacoast Canning Company, is again in the service about the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. This tug was overhauled during the spring preparatory to being placed in commission after idleness of the winter. The tug is used in connection with the sardine canning and buying interests of the owners.

Capt. Ralph MacKenzie brought the Schooner *Archie MacKenzie* into Yarmouth recently with 26,000 pounds of halibut, after being out 10 days. The schooner stocked \$4,500 with each member of the crew getting \$145. Capt. Bill Murphy brought the Schooner *Dorothy A. Snow* in after 7 days with 25,000 pounds of halibut and other fish. The schooner stocked \$4,950, the crew receiving \$127 each. Capt. Hupman was out 10 days with the Schooner *Big Jimsie*. He returned with 22,000 pounds of

halibut and 8,000 pounds of mixed fish. The *Big Jimsie* stocked \$3,267.

Capt. Doucet, for years engaged in the fisheries at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, is now in the pulpwood carrying trade as skipper of the Schooner *Alaska*. Many veterans of the fisheries will be interested to learn that the old fishing and fish carrying craft, the *Alaska* has been renamed *Bonhomie*. Thus being a namesake of one of the first vessels built at the Salmon River shipyard more than 50 years ago, primarily for the fishing and transportation of fish to New England.

One of the tough luckers into Yarmouth recently was Capt. T. d'Entremont. He was out 5 days with the Schooner *Muir* and met with heavy tides which handicapped the men. The result was the craft had to return to port with only 1,000 pounds of halibut and about 10,000 pounds of mixed fish.

The new ferry service between Westport on Brier Island and Meteghan on the mainland, is proving a boon to fishing interests and will be more so during the winter as a daily service is planned all through the twelve months. It will enable the shippers to send out fish more promptly than in the past.

Despite the comparative scarcity of lobsters in some of the sections of the Bay of Fundy and south shore, shipments to Boston have continued heavy. The exportation has been very pronounced from this section of the Bay of Fundy at Brier Island including the island and the mainland, ever since the opening of the season. Buyers from Boston have been more active this year than ever before. The prevailing price for large lobsters from the buying smacks during May revolved around 21 to 26 cents, with about 23 cents as the average. Small lobsters brought from 10 to 13 cents from the smacks operated by the packers, some of whom are also engaged in buying the large lobsters for exportation to the U. S., chiefly Boston.

An increase has been reported in the demand for boxed boneless cod from the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, chiefly Brier Island and the paralleling mainland. Shipments of this cod to Boston have increased in recent months. In some of the fishing sections, the shipments of canned lobsters to Great Britain, particularly England, have increased over those at this time in 1926. This is especially true of the region around the Pubnicos, from whence lobster shipments to Boston have also been heavier than in 1926 at a corresponding date. Around the Pubnicos, the lobsters have been reported as comparatively scarce in the shallow waters but quite plentiful in deep waters, thus far this season.

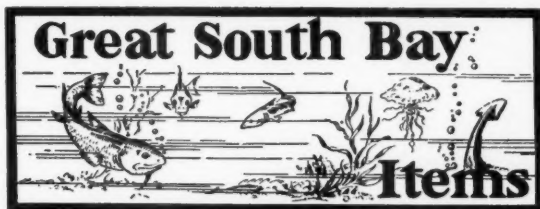
A fare of 9,000 pounds of halibut and 10,000 pounds of mixed fish was reported for the Schooner *A. W. Longmire*. The schooner came into Shelburne instead of Yarmouth, with A. E. Nickerson, Ltd., of Yarmouth, becoming the purchasers of the entire fare, and shipping it to Yarmouth.

Schooner *Radio II*, has been almost steadily engaged in transporting dry fish from Brier Island fishing ports to Halifax since the early spring. Some of this fish is exported to the Boston and New York markets via transatlantic and coastwise steamers, leaving Halifax for these ports. The balance is for the Canadian trade and shipping to England.

Although conditions have been none too good in the sardine fishing and packing activities since the opening of the season April 15, hope is expressed for the balance of the season. Some of the men point to the abundance of whales through the Bay of Fundy, and particularly in Passamaquoddy Bay. The gasoline boats operated by the buyers have been having considerable difficulty with these whales of late. Most of them are comparatively small as whales go, but they have bothered the boats more than a little. Not that they have attacked any of the boats thus far, but they have been in the way of the craft running between the weirs and the plants. Some of the crews had great difficulty in avoiding the big fish, which have been swimming up and down and taking various twists while in the water, evidently playing with each other. Collision with one of the whales would inflict injury to a boat, as the latter are practically all small, as vessels go.

Old hands in sardine fishing claim the abundance of the whales is an augury that the rest of the sardine fishing will

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By Lloyd Chester Harris

**A** MERICAN and Japanese oyster growers met on common grounds here last week when K. Mikimoto of Japan was the guest of Paul O. Mercer, manager of the Bluepoints Company, one of the best known of the oyster producers on the south shore of Long Island. The visit of the oysterman from Nippon was one of several days in which he inspected the beds of other companies and took a keen interest in the various methods employed on the Great South Bay.

Mr. Mikimoto has been unusually successful in the Flowery Kingdom in stimulating the growth of the pearl oyster for the purpose of increasing the production of pearls and at the present time has several oyster "plantations", as he calls them, aggregating 40,000 acres and has spent the past 40 years in this particular phase of the oyster industry, of which comparatively little is known in these parts.

He was one of the chief exhibitors of genuine pearls at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition after which he decided to make an intensive study of oyster growing in America. The Federal Government recommended that he make this study on the Great South Bay, which further bears out the high rating given to oystermen and their products here.

While here he was especially interested in Dr. Wells' apparatus and experimental work in developing the artificial propagation of oysters and it is the opinion of Mr. Mikimoto that this method can be successfully used in Japan insofar as the pearl oyster is concerned and will greatly increase the yield.

In this respect it is of interest to note that Dr. Wells, who in past seasons has been here experimenting on this proposition to increase the yield of oysters by artificial methods has installed permanent equipment at the Bluepoints Company's headquarters and is now ready to resume research work which was started some years ago and carried to a point which had not previously been reached in the artificial propagation method and it will be interesting to watch the progress made during the next few months as it is contemplated that several almost revolutionary steps will be taken that will have a vast and far reaching effect on the growth of bi-valves.

The scallop fishermen continue to have a fair measure of luck in their regular trips and the catches are averaging between 150 and 250 bushels to the boat. While this is not as high as the records set in February and March it is considered unusually good for this time of year. Weather has not been all in favor of the fishermen this spring in some ways for it has been an unusually unseasonable spring with considerable rough weather off the coast to hamper the boats in their usual routine.

On one occasion during the early part of the month two of the boats went aground off the Bluepoints basin as a strong and bitter east wind lashed the boats with unabated fury for several hours. The first to meet with misfortune was the *Trio* and this was pulled off by Captain Cornelius Zegel's fishing sloop. Hardly has this rescue been effected when a new blast struck the basin and drove the *Sarah Thomassen* aground and in this case it was not an easy matter to float the stranded vessel for it required the work of several boats of the West Sayville fleet to pull her off.

Captain Peter Schaper, one of the best known of the fishermen along the Great South Bay qualified as an expert pilot during the third week in May when a derrier and three barges bound from Albany to Brown's River at Sayville got into dire difficulty off the Fire Island bar when the crew all succumbed to seasickness. Captain Schaper happened to be at the Sunrise Fish Company's headquar-

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By Joseph C. Allen

**L**IKE the majority of the Massachusetts fishermen a bunch of our lads are rather "up against it" right about now. There are plenty of fish, such as they are, cod and pugs, but little or no call for them. The scup which promised to come early have hove-to just to the south'ard of us and are just stemming the tide and there have been only a few mackerel taken.

With fish prices as they have been it don't matter much whether a man gets a haul or not, although, where the catches are too small to ship, most any of the boys can get rid of some fish locally at a fair price.

The lobstering is still slow, although there is quite a bunch of gear overboard. About all of the traps are in also, but alewives and a few tautaug, an occasional scup, a few butters and a few striped bass are about all they have hauled so far.

It's a little singular. Within seven or eight miles of us the lobstermen in Buzzards Bay have been doing very well for more than a month. Right now there are a bunch of little boats setting trawls a few miles down the cape shore and they brought in five tons of tautaug last week. Now, in Vineyard Sound we have the finest kind of bottom and even boys can remember the fleet of handliners that used to fish all over it a few years ago and older men can recall many lobstermen who never went outside with their gear. Now, great snakes! They go to sea forty miles after lobsters.

We had a couple of vessels to go south with the mackerel fleet but from all reports they haven't done anything startling. Not but what they caught fish, those boys can get 'em if anyone can, but they ran up against the same market that the eastern lads did.

The rest of the bunch that have fitted for netting around Nomansland and to the westward have become rather discouraged and several of them have about decided to pass up the netting this year and are already fitting for sword-fishing.

Shell-fishing has picked up some and the price on little-necks is rather better than it has been. Weather conditions have been fair, generally, and we haven't had any accidents this spring as yet, although there was one darned peculiar happening.

The basin in Menemsha Creek is roughly eight hundred yards long with a bend in it and from thirty to a hundred and seventy-five yards wide. Boats tie up at little wharves along both sides, but most of them are on the north side and there are few if any laying to an anchor there at this time of year. Well, one night the folks who live up on the hill above the basin, heard a roaring noise which lasted some little time. There was no wind and the sea was smooth outside. The next morning some of the skiffs and smaller boats were found up on top of the wharves and quite a bunch of stuff had gone adrift.

There was every indication that there had been a tremendously high tide in the basin, but strange to say the marks of it showed only in certain spots and there was no sign of an unusual tide anywhere else around the island.

No one offers any theory as to what happened beyond guessing at everything from an earthquake to a sea-serpent or a kelpie.

Another thing which has been done recently is the planting of short lobsters. These are from Nova Scotia and have been set adrift at various points around the Island. The aim of the division of fisheries and game is, of course, to increase the supply, but what the hell, if there isn't feed enough inshore to attract the school, how are these newcomers going to find enough to live on?

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By the Fisherman's Doctor

**C**APT. John Crowley, in the Rockland smack, *Louise McLoon*, made the trip from Rockland to Brier Island and loaded lobsters, discharged them in Boston within six days. Bully for John.

Lobsters are scarce at Manset and Swans Island.

Capt. Charlie Saunders who used to fish out of Bass Harbor is now skipper of the large steamer *Ruth*, which runs between Searsport, Maine, and Norfolk, Va., carrying coal for the Great Northern Paper Company.

The fish reported as twenty feet long, with a blunt nose and green eyes and gray and white skin, must be the habitual spring and summer visitor known as the "white whale" of Passamaquoddy Bay, giving Lubec and Eastport one of his regular visits.

Another late opening of the sardine season is discouraging to the factory workers of the nor'eas' corner of the coastline. Some signs of opening up the sardine business have been noted but real business in packing the little herring doesn't seem likely before late July or early August.

Packers of boneless smoked herring are all ready to work as soon as proper fish arrive in sufficient numbers. The demand for that product is not fully supplied.

Rich Brothers at West Tremont have built a large boat for New Yorkers. Last week she was towed to Ellsworth to have a high powered engine installed.

Weirmen in Eastern River and at various places along shore have been getting considerable quantity of alewives. At Warren on the Georges River the fish are plentiful.

Salmon weirs in the Penobscot and around Verona Island are all ready for business but the King Salmon haven't reported in force as yet. At the Salmon pool at Bangor much fewer fish than usual have been taken.

The box shook mill at Eastport is busy getting out supplies for the sardine packers.

Sardine carrying motor boats, for local canners, have been assembling in Eastport Harbor for overhauling to be in readiness when the packing season is active.

Alewives are being caught in the weirs in the Dennys River.

Maitland Norwood, local manager of the Booth Fisheries, has gone to Belfast to see that the cannery there is in readiness for business.

Richard Whitmore has built a new salmon weir off the northern end of Verona Island, opposite Fort Knox, and has it in commission.

Capt. Maynard Herrick of Atlantic has the smack *Constance* put in readiness to carry lobsters to Rockland.

Haddock and usual groundfish are available in considerable quantity along the coast but not as plentiful as they were last year.

Lobsters continue scarce.

Capt. Allan McIsaac has left the Nickerson Fish Company of Bucksport and now has other employment in Massachusetts.

Have always known the Atlantic Fishermen to be an efficient and self sustaining class of worthy men, so now read of some of their efforts in the medical line. This is a true story of the sea: It must have all been true, for a fisherman was the hero, and a fisherman captain was the hero-eee, and fishermen contrived the feat and a fishermen's doctor saw the feet. Fisherman Murdoch McGinnis, captain of the good fishing schooner, *Mattie F.*, was about ready to sail; the *Mattie* was all stocked with stores and there was plenty of salt in the hold, and the sure, Shore Captain had given the word to "Let Go" and "Go when ready—Murdoch". The schooner's skipper was only—about ready—because he lacked one man of a full crew, not saying but that most of the crew were as near full as the state of the times permitted. So, the—old man—took a swift glance up

and down the river and aloft, thought he smelled a wind coming, ordered the mains'l up, let go, and drifted out from the dock and over toward Fort Knox on the last of the flood of a spring tide, circled a bit in the eddy and then the wind that he had smelled came off from the nor'd so he had more sail made and got fairly under way and went skimming down river, past Verona Park, and down the ship channel, and out by Fort Point and away for the open sea with a fair wind, and the moon just right, and only a fleeting doubt assailing his peace of mind, and that, the lack of a man to fill out the ship's company to keep every dory fishing. For he knew he couldn't lawfully ship a fisherman from a port in Nova Scotia without too much risk of trouble, and he wouldn't take time to call at another Maine port.

The *Mattie* was an able boat, and skipper and hands all sturdy Maine mariners and fishermen, and once outside the land, good time was made and late in the dark of the second night she was off the Cape Breton shore, and Murdoch during his watch below had thought out how to get his man. The weather was good, as he had known it would be, so he called his A. B. Cook to the wheel and told him to keep the *Mattie* laying off and from, while he rowed himself ashore in a dory, and landing near the little town of Aerschot, made his way unerringly to a little, low cabin, where he peeked in through a dirty window and saw a hoary, much bewhiskered fisherman smoking a black, stubbed clay pipe and rocking to and fro in a decrepit rocker. Cap'n McGinnis went round to the low door, opened it and walked in. "I'm short a man, Sol," he said, "and want you to get me a good doryman right now." Old Sol, not a bit surprised, rejoined, "Nuthin' doin'", every last man 'n boy 's gone to ther grounds, 'n I'm the only one in town, 'n I'm sick and can't walk a step. My feet is so covered with corns I can't step on the ground, 'n I guess I'm goin' ter die." "All right", said the skipper, "you used to be a highliner, but I can't hire you as a fisherman, but I can take you aboard to cure you. I'll fix your corns and you can fish, but not do duty. I'll hoist you over the side an' in an' out with a tackle and your corns won't make no difference."

Sol demurred, and said, "No can do", but the captain loaded Sol and his ditty bag, and many extra plugs of black tobacco into a wheelbarrow, not without much groaning and grunting on the part of Sol, and trundled him to the shore, and, with some grunting on the part of the skipper, carried and lifted him onto the dory, and rowed off shore till the schooner came near.

Sol was hoisted aboard and was provided with two pairs of thick woolen stockings and a pair of large rubber boots, and a hand dressed his feet and legs in them. That was the last that Sol, or any one else, saw of Sol's feet for nearly a month. His meals were brought to him on deck, and old Sol had a whale of an appetite and didn't consider he'd had a-n-y-t-h-i-n-g till he had put eight large, boiled potatoes under his shirt.

Arrived at the banks, all hands went to it, and in a lengthy spell of moderate weather, they fished every day for three weeks. Sol was hoisted in and out of his dory and took to it and liked the job, and soon he was high line, leading every other man on board in producing the fish. Of course numerous mishaps befell him; one day the tackle broke and he was dumped into the drink, but the cook fished him out with a gaff, and Sol returned to his work at once. Then, too, he got soaking wet each day, including Sundays, and never did Sol have a thought for changing his stockings, or for removing his rubberboots. Since the captain had ordered on the two pairs of woolen stockings, he had never once seen his feet, and, verily he wasn't thinking so much about them as at the beginning of the trip. During the last week it had been noticed that he handled himself much more easily, but the captain, daily, hoisted him into or out of the dory as he had agreed to do. Not a day went by but that Sol was soaked with salt water. Occasionally Sol would complain to the skipper that his feet didn't feel natural, and he was almost afraid that he could walk. Murdoch was pretty nearly ready to start for home, when one day came a bad blow and the dories were recalled, and old Sol startled the whole bunch by hustling back to the ship, standing on his feet and rowing, facing for-ud, and got in ahead of most of the bunch. That night Sol complained again to the skipper that his corns



were not bothering him. Next day, a Sunday, Skipper didn't send out the dories to fish, but decided to go back to port. So Sol got help from the cook and with the expenditure of much labor by both, his boots and stockings were gotten off. As the cook finally pulled off the stockings there was a rattling and a heap of dried corns and callous skin piled up on the deck. Sol yelled for the skipper and Murdoch McGinnis pronounced Sol's feet as smooth as a baby's. As the *Mattie* neared Aerschot the captain called Sol to the cabin, he could negotiate steps easily now, to settle. Sol averred that the cure of the corns was all the pay he had earned. But Murdoch, appreciating his work and real worth gave him equal share with any of the crew, and he was set ashore and returned home, a new man. No fisherman of the Nicholson fleet, past or present, has any use for a land doctor for treatment of corns.

If the cod-liver oil manufacturers and dispensers want an example of what it will do, and what to do and how to do it, let them take heed of fishermen doing their own doctoring. John Osier, one time of Ipswich, Mass., drifted into Maine and was sojourning along the Penobscot river and dubiously considered the matter of parting his cable and passing in his checks and forthwith departing henceforth and forever. Never too strong, but by no means a weakling in ambition and determination, he had been a good fisherman out of Gloucester, and had held his own, and knew his stuff in any gang of sailormen and fishermen, but lately he had wintered poorly and lost weight and strength till now he was merely a shadow of his former self. Broad-minded Captain McIsaac at the Bucksport Fisheries plant noticed him and deemed it a shame to let him vanish into thin air, and to have to chalk off another good fisherman from the active list posted on the wall of the admiral's quarters at the Nicholson plant. So he called in Captain-Chief, Cook Rupert of the fleet who was also an A. B. and with definite instructions handed Osier over to him and put him on board the schooner *Hardchance*, berthed as Cookie, for a cruise to Newfoundland. Scarcely had the *Hardchance* taken departure from Fort Point ere Cookie Osier, under orders, was trying out some livers of ancient cod and pollock and then the ship's doctor made him drink a pint of oil after each meal. Cookie, of course, knew tangy language, but his vocabulary expanded wonderfully under the influence of the ile, but Prince Rupert's discipline prevailed and Osier continued to take his ile. Once on the banks and the fish coming over the side, faster than bacteria multiply in culture broth, Cookie stole time from his widely varied duties to try out fresh livers with meticulous care, and ere long he learned to like his ile, and without coercion was taking a half pint t. i. d. & n., after each meal and at night. Osier was eating his rations without restraint, and on a banker they are provided bountifully. He took on weight and strength, and could pack a good wallop and woe to any two or three of the crew who chanced to block his gangway. When skipper and all hands were engaged on the briny vamping fish, he took charge of the *Hardchance* and soon won back his A. B. rating and after an argument with the Doctor Rupert, skipper took him out of the Cookie berth and promoted him to a regular hand; on equal shares, and set him to fishing. The fishing that season averaged good and after ten weeks, one day a message came up to Bucksport from Two Bush that the *Hardchance*, deep in the water was coming up river. The tug *Walter Ross* was lying off Fort Point when the *Hardchance* came along, and Capt. Baldwin hooked on and brought her up, by the Fort, and berthed her at the Nicholson wharf. Capt. MacIsaac was the first to board her and was almost knocked galley-west when he happened to brush up against a hale and hearty, well bronzed fisherman, strong as an ox, who was not used to going around anything in his way but good naturedly pushed it aside and continued on his course. It was Osier, now a picture of perfect health, and rated the best man in the vessel's crew. But even the most perfect cure can have it's drawbacks, for little John, like an old toper with his drops, couldn't resist his fondness for licking the bottle or any dish which had had fishoil in it, and that afternoon was found in the Admiral's room finishing up a bottle of clarified cod-liver oil. That's why Bucksport cannot furnish a living to more than four doctors at one time.

## With the Vineyard Fishermen

(Continued from Page 19)

Of course that's only one man's notion, but three or four years ago when there was apparently an abundance of lobster feed inshore, the critters were so thick that they marched right up into people's houses and swiped grub out of the lockers, scared children into convulsions and caused fourteen men to sign the pledge! The lumber yards were working their help overtime delivering material for cars to keep 'em in and the cars blocked the harbor so full that a man could walk across on 'em.

Last year, according to the official report, the lobster season was the poorest in years and it was in this particular spot, which as sea-room is reckoned, is not very large. But there were plenty of lobsters outside. They stopped at a certain "line" that could be drawn as clearly as if there was a forty-foot board fence built there and be damned if they'd come in any closer.

Old King Solomon, may his lights never grow dim, said that one of the things that was too many for him was the way of a ship in the sea. The humble gink behind the number two Dixon will rise to state that the way of a fish in the sea is even more of a conundrum. All in favor say "Aye". It is a vote. Where they go or what they do is a mystery and one that men may never solve, but the argument that a species may be exterminated by fishermen seems like a rather groundless one in view of such facts as are known and the best bet for the fish-killer seems to be to chase 'em just as far as he can and then go home and pray for 'em to come back and play some more.

## Great South Bay Items

(Continued from Page 19)

ters at Oak Island Beach when the convoy arrived near Fire Island where it was found that the steam tug that had towed the barges and derrick from New York would be unable to go further because of drawing too much water. With this difficulty staring him in the face plus the fact the members of the crews of the derrick and two of the barges were river men rather than sea going men and consequently several sails to the wind and storm, Capt. Schaper took control and piloted the boat over the bar in the face of decidedly bad weather. To cap the climax of this distressing ordeal one of the barges sprung a leak in going over the bar which necessitated some fast work on the part of Captain Schaper in piloting these clumsy boats into port, but in true South Bay fashion he brought them into port under adverse conditions.

As this is being written a report has just come in of the finding of a new scallop bank off Fire Island that is reported to be heavily inhabited by these choice morsels of the sea. Twice during the past few days the fleet has gone out and come in heavily loaded with the spoils from this new source and all of the boats are averaging well over 200 gallons to the boat with every prospect that the fine catches will continue for some time.

## Bay of Fundy Activities

(Continued from Page 18)

be very satisfactory. They say it's a sign that has rarely failed.

In the meanwhile the weir owners have been active in other directions. They have appealed to the department of marine and fisheries in Ottawa, for official sanction to sell herring for other than food purposes. There has been a strict fishing law in the dominion that herring are to be used only as food, fresh, pickled, smoked and canned. Because of the dullness in the demand for the little herring and the big herring as well, all of the weirmen have been eager to market their fish. In the weirs are caught a large percentage of the large herring which are turned down by the buyers from the canning plants. The weir owners are therefore left with the big herring on their hands. After a determined drive was made by the weirmen, the department of marine and fisheries announced that an exception would be made in the case of Bay of Fundy waters. For the balance of this year, the herring can be sold or used for fertilizer, oil or fish meal.

# With Captain Bill in the North Bay

By CHARLES FREEMAN HERRICK

## A Narrative of the old Mackerel Seining Days

### Chapter I

IT is now many years ago, and as I remember, it was back in the year 1886 or 1887. I was a young man then and had left college before completing my course, my father who was a sea captain having died suddenly at sea. This left me alone and practically penniless. I had a natural longing bred in the bone to follow in the footsteps of my father, and added to this a love for travel and adventure. As I had no family ties, on leaving college, I immediately sought and found a berth in a four master schooner bound to South American ports.

Having made several trips, my last one around Cape Horn to San Francisco and return, I found myself ashore in Boston and was looking along the waterfront for a ship. Walking up Atlantic Avenue I turned down T Wharf which was the big wholesale fish market in those days. I paused now and then to admire the trim little fishing schooners that lay tied up to the pier. Presently my eye came to rest on what seemed to me the most graceful craft I had ever seen. While admiring the schooner's beautiful lines a man came down the wharf and stopping near me addressed one of the crew who was slowly pacing the deck.

"Is everybody aboard, Tom?"

"Everybody except Nat, sir, and I don't believe you will see him again today. Archie said he saw him up to Murphy's barroom about an hour ago and he said Nat was pretty well 'lit up'. Guess he's slopped over again. One of his periodicals you know, Skipper. Said he didn't care whether he went out on the *Augusta E.* this trip or not; said it looked to him as though Capt. Bill was going into the North Bay to fight instead of fish; told Archie he didn't like the looks of so many guns and so much ammunition going aboard a fishing schooner; said he didn't care much for the fighting game anyhow, and it looked to him as though there was going to be trouble."

"Well, I'm sorry Nat's at the booze again, but I guess we can find another man," said the captain.

"Take a turn down around the wharf, Tom, we don't want to go out short handed and perhaps you can find somebody down there to take Nat's place."

With these words he whom I now knew to be the captain of the *Augusta E.*, swung himself onto the main rigging, descended to the deck and walking along the quarter, disappeared into the cabin.

As the man whom the captain had called Tom came up the rigging he reached out his hand to me and said: "Give me a hand will you mate and help me onto the wharf?"

I gripped his hand and with a strong pull landed him beside me. I then said to him: "A fine looking schooner; did I understand you to say her name was the *Augusta E.*?"

"Yes", replied the man, "named for the skipper's wife."

"Where are you bound from here?" I asked.

"We are going into the North Bay for a trip of mackerel and we are going to get them if that fish patrol down there will give us half a show, some of them cutters have been giving our fishermen a pretty raw deal lately."

"Does the Canadian government object to your fishing in the North Bay?" I inquired.

"Never have until now, but they have seized two American fishing vessels within the last few days both with full trips and the skippers and crew all took oath that they were well outside the three mile limit. Our captain knows all these men to be mighty careful about breaking any of the fishing laws, and if they come any of that business with

us, why—Capt. Bill says by the time they get through they'll know they've been doing something. There are nineteen of us in the gang and we are with him to a man."

Here Tom paused to light a short stub of cigar which he had been holding between his teeth during our conversation, and with a "So long, mate", he walked away down the wharf.

I stood watching him and wondering. Should I follow him and try to ship on the little clipper? No, I thought, I am not a fisherman; my sailing had all been done in large vessels. But as I stood looking down on the little schooner, I saw something on her forward deck covered with a piece of canvas which in some way had been displaced, and peeping out the unmistakable muzzle of a small cannon, the sight of which decided me instantly. I felt an irresistible desire to join crew of this little vessel and without further thought or consideration I sprang to the main rigging, descended to the deck and made my way to the after companionway.

As I turned the corner of the cabin house the skipper came out of the gangway and I was face to face with the man whom I sought. "Good morning, Captain", I said and waited.

Capt. Bill, for it was none other than he, with one hand resting on a spoke of the steering wheel, looked me over with careful consideration, not to say suspicion.

Then—"Good morning, what can I do for you?"

"I overheard your conversation a few moments ago with one of your crew whom you called Tom, and I gathered from what you said that you had a berth for one more man. Would you consider taking me on?"

After another slight pause the captain spoke, "Step below", and I followed him to the cabin.

As we entered I noted the unusual luxury in the fittings and the mahogany and white finish, together with leather upholstery, making most attractive not to say luxurious quarters.

The captain motioned me to a chair, at the same time seating himself opposite.

"What is your name?" came abruptly as he eyed me closely, and as it seemed taking in every detail of my personal appearance.

"Jack Frazier," I replied quickly, "and I want—"

"What experience," he interrupted.

I gave him a brief outline of my various cruises, to which he listened attentively.

The next question came sharp and incisive. "Do you know where we are going?"

"Not exactly," I answered.

"Well", said the captain, "This may be a mighty dangerous voyage; mind you, I say may be. While our trips this time of the year are usually uneventful, I have reason to believe this one may be different."

I made no comment and he went on to say, "The Canadian government has begun to enforce the law in regard to the three mile limit and if they continue I'm afraid the mackerel fishing will not amount to much in the North Bay, for the fish nearly always school close in to the shore."

Then, as it seemed to me, his jaw set and a grim smile crossed his face as he said, "We are going into the North Bay for a trip of mackerel, and if those cutters undertake to seize my schooner unlawfully—well, we shall defend our rights and are prepared to do so."



"Now, my man", said he, "if you still think you would like to make this trip with us, you may have the berth."

I answered with some warmth, "Thank you, Captain, I can be ready as soon as I get my bedding and personal effects from my boarding house."

"Very well," said the skipper. "We shall sail in about half an hour, so you had better get a move on."

When I came back with my belongings the *Augusta E.* was already to cast off from the wharf. The crew were busy coiling down lines and clearing decks generally.

As I came on board the captain walked forward and spoke down the companionway, "Nub, show the new man his bunk." Then turning to me he said, "The cook will show you where to put your dunnage."

I went down and the cook with a nod said: "There's your bunk upper tier port side."

The cook was a short, thick set man with red whiskers, and I noted a decided twinkle in his blue eyes, which, added to a good-natured smile made his broad red face very pleasing to look upon.

After I had deposited my worldly goods in my bunk, he, turned to me with a smile.

"Ever go fishing before?"

"No," I answered, "this will be my first voyage."

"Well," said he, as he placed the big coffee pot on the stove, "I guess you are up against the real game this time, son."

"So I understand," I replied. Then I said, thinking to probe deeper into the situation, "Tell me, cook, what may a fellow, expect if the worst should happen as you so feelingly intimate?"

He let down the after end of the long table and opened the dish cupboard door before answering. Then he said, "It all depends on how them little bluenose cutters treats us; they have already seized two of our American fishing vessels, and our skipper says they will never take the *Augusta E.* while she is afloat. This crew will fight if they have to," he added grimly, "so if they start anything—the devil will be to pay and no pitch hot." Saying which the cook returned to the matter in hand with definite finality.

I hurriedly proceeded to the deck feeling a keener interest than before in the forthcoming trip and its promise of excitement and possible danger.

As I reached the deck I heard the captain's deep voice boom out, "Here comes the tug, boys, get your tow lines ready and stand by to cast off."

Here were orders with which I was familiar, and I immediately rushed in and mingled with the crew in getting the *Augusta E.* in readiness for the tug.

Then with the tow boat fastened alongside we proceeded down Boston Harbor. Just at this moment I heard the clang of a heavy bell in the forecabin and the captain sung out:

"All right for the first table," then to me, "This way, Frazier."

I responded with an ay, ay sir, and took his place at the wheel. At this moment I realized the captain was giving me the first test as to my ability as a seaman, and in this surmise I was not mistaken for he stood beside me for the space of ten minutes perhaps, watching me execute the orders given by the captain of the tow boat. At the end of this time, apparently satisfied, he walked forward and disappeared down the companionway.

Soon the men composing the first table began to appear on deck again and presently the second bell sounded. One of the crew standing close beside me said, as he took the wheel: "I got ye, go get your chuck".

When I entered the forecabin I was surprised. The table seemed loaded with everything the market afforded, which was a marked contrast to my experience, the fare having been of the plainest and coarsest variety.

The cook indicated my place as third on the starboard and I now had an opportunity to observe some of the men who were to be my ship mates, and while doing full justice to a bounteous and well cooked dinner, I joined readily in such jokes and small talk as were passed from one man to another of the nine at table.

When I went on deck the tug boat was casting off from alongside and the captain sung out: "Stand by boys to take a line forward."

After the tug had started us ahead, the captain again called out: "All hands aft on the mainsail," and we commenced to get underway.

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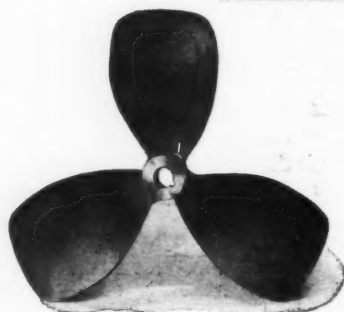
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When the lower sails were set all except the jib, the tug tooted her whistle as a signal and we cast off.

"Go ahead on the jibs", called the skipper and as the schooner fell off the wind filled her sails, she gathered headway and we were off down Broad Sound, fairly started on our way.

The watch was set and everything made tidy around the deck.

Gradually the men scattered; some going below to their bunks, others loafing around the deck.

I walked forward as far as the lee fore-rigging. Gazing landward I could see Lynn, the big shoe city with its many large factories and smoke stacks, outlined against the clear blue of the summer sky; next the bold and rugged rocks of Nahant appeared; then beyond historic old Marblehead and farther on in the distance the dim outline of Gloucester Harbor and Eastern Point.

At this moment one of the crew stopped beside me and said:

"Are you taking a farewell look at American soil, mate?"

"Yes," I replied and wondering what might happen before I saw these good old shores again.

After the man had paused to light a short black pipe he said: "Well, mate"—"Call me Frazier," I interrupted. "Well Frazier," he continued, "I hope we strike fish and plenty of them. If we do it won't take us long to fill our barrels and get back home again. I tell you, Frazier, things look different when the last barrel is filled and stowed down in the hold for then we are homeward bound with a good bit of cash coming to us. This is the fourth season I have sailed with Captain Bill and in that time we have brought in many a good trip; you know our skipper is one of the killers. Wait 'till we strike fish and you see the old man in action. I tell you he's a driver, there's no rest day or night when we are 'on fish'."

At this moment we were interrupted as the captain sung out from the quarter: "Come on boys, we'll set our stay-sail".

As the crew were bending on the staysail, his voice came again, "Loose the foretopsail".

When this order came I sprang to the rigging, went up the rattlings two at a time and in a very few minutes we had two more sails pulling us along and as the south west breeze increased, the *Augusta E.* was rushing over the smooth sea like a race horse.

(To be Continued.)

## To Captains and Crews, Vessel Owners and Fish Dealers

THIS is my annual warm weather statement to you.

You have received one for several years and apparently your reaction has been for the good of the fishing industry.

This letter to you has to do with the fares of fish that will, from May 1 to October 1 be sold in whole or in part for splitting and salting, mostly at Gloucester and some at Boston. It is my hope and desire that these fares be given as good care and icing as though they were "bound for market."

Time and weather conditions enter into the problem of "quality fish", therefore it is suggested, as last year, that each craft engaged in the fishery which has for its design the landing of fares to split and salt; take, on each trip, sufficient salt to preserve, either the catches of the first "sets", or to salt for the whole trip the mediums or "markets", so-called. And, don't forget, plenty of ice. This advice, given last year, was followed with the result that less fish were condemned as unfit for food than ever before. Comment therefore is unnecessary.

This annual announcement is sent in the hope and belief that you will continue to assist in maintaining the high grade reputation for which Massachusetts caught fish is noted all over the country. The solution is in your hands. Believing that you will show us and the country continued evidences of your faith and willingness to produce "Massachusetts quality fish," I remain

Very truly yours,

ARTHUR L. MILLETT,  
State Inspector of Fish.



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